

A NEW AND ORIGINAL POEM;
ON THE
IGNORANCE AND HYPOCRISY
OF THE
CHURCHES.

BY JOHN C. MILLER.

Price.....Five Cents.

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THE SOUL'S GRACES.

Some poets sing of graceful mien,
And some of sparkling eyes,
But I shall tune my lyre to praise
The part that never dies.

The soul's pure graces I will sing,
Meekness, love, truth—such ties
By far outshine the ruby lips,
Or winsome, sparkling eyes.

The beauty of the form and face
My very soul doth prize,
But these shall pass away with age,
The mind it never dies.

It brighter grows while these decay,
Blooms in the "By-and-bye,"
Age only brightens *love* and *truth*,
They never, never die.

Then, let this portion be my part;
This fountain ne'er runs dry,
The more you drink it richer flows,
You who never drank go try.

'Twill cost you nothing; free it flows,
But yourself pure must be,
For purity alone can sip
The nectar from this tree.

ARGUMENT.

Jesus Christ the martyr of the Jewish Church—A good man—Opposed to the churches of to-day—Heresy a natural product of the church's tyranny—God not a bloodthirsty tyrant, as the churches would have us believe—Tyranny and oppression make men wicked, and the churches help keep it up—Those called wicked are as good, or better, than those who pretend to be righteous—Tyranny the cause of civil wars—Men cannot love good because they see no example of good—They will never be led by men who uphold tyranny and oppression—The church's teaching makes men curse God, not love him—Christ intended his kingdom to be established on earth.

THE TYRANNY AND EXTORTION OF THE CHURCHES VERSUS CHRISTIANITY.

Hail! Jesus, hail! The soul of enterprise!
Look on us with thy penetrating eyes.
Here thou immortalized thy glorious name,
And thou didst earn, if ever man earned, fame.
Methinks I see thee stand on that fair shore,
While pagans thought thee God, came to adore,
And would have worshiped still, and loved thy race,
Had they not soon shown them the want of grace
The good possess, and shown them the great Elf,
That takes men's blood for sake of power and pelf.
I know that thy good spirit's not to blame,
Would, rather than caused such, forgone thy fame;
But, oh, whoever were the cause of such,
Must stand at Judgment-day with a red blush;
Yes, though, of course, the fact they did not know,
They'll stand condemned for treating mankind so.
But then, alas, how dare we even nod
At pious guilt done in the name of God?

Oh, God! what blood's been shed in Thy great name!
 All—no, we must except that shed by Cain!
 But, oh, the torrent; what a mighty flood,
 That these GOOD SAINTS have shed of human blood!
 And in their godly jealousy and ire,
 Have even burnt poor woman in the fire.
 Were they not good? Dare you, ye skeptic race,
 Deny those men were fired with godly grace?
 How can you but expect to hear the knell:
 "Depart from me, ye cursed, down to hell!"
 Can't you believe that God is just and good,
 Though he should swell the rivers with your blood?
 Ye heretics! So destitute of grace!
 "No hell?" Demons! You want a hotter place!
 And now we'll give you a foretaste of same,
 By burning your vile bodies in the flame.*
 Oh, blind infatuation! Whence art thou?
 Why stamp such villainy upon man's brow?
 Oh, God, could I believe this done by Thee,
 I'd hate and curse Thee for Thy tyranny.
 If Thou such villains lov'dst, I want to tell
 I hate Thee, though Thou send me straight to hell;
 Or many of those who prate Thy name now;
 I would despise Thee though Thou burned me too.
 (Their works I mean, for I do pity them,
 And would be glad to see them better men),
 But let me far such folly from me fling,
 Thou art too great, too high for such a thing.
 Then teach such fools Thy NOBLE MIND to scan,
 Nor to define Thee like the DEMON MAN—
 To back such bloody tyranny, and disgrace
 All that *that's* noble in the human race.

* Religious fanatics were supposed to think or say this when such acts were perpetrated.

Teach them some common sense, and let them give
 To all Thy creatures a fair chance to live.
 Teach, too, those who presume Thy name to bear,
 To cry aloud "Ye men, beware, beware!"
 Who grind the poor and take their hard-earned gains,
 Some day when not looked for they'll break their chains;
 And, just as natural as a ship at sea
 That leaks too much, they all o'erwhelmed will be.
 Teach them, just God, the dire hypocrisy
 Of calling that worst kind of slavery free!
 Freedom to do what? Slave for tyranny
 That they may live—submit to villainy?
 Oh teach, teach them that saving man from sins
 Like those just mentioned 's what the gospel means.
 And that if man immortalize his name,
 'Tis in proportion as he breaks the chain,
 And opes the eyes of men blindly depraved,
 With all their gold are slaves, and still enslave
 Themselves and others, and cause misery
 Throughout the whole, where all might happy be.
 If each would be content to do right—why,
 It is not hard—do as you'd be done by.
 Think ye, who rob and pilfer from those men
 By tricks politic, you're more good than them
 Who enter any where and take from you?
 Say, where's the difference, if both things are blue?
 Will black turn white by a sleight turn of hand?
 Oh, folly; it is just the same old brand!
 And when policemen clearly find you out,
 You'll be incarcerated there's no doubt.
 Then go, like wise men, and show your prudence.
 First, loose the skackles, then stand in defense
 Of truth and justice to your fellow-man,
 That at the Judgment day you, smiling, can

Meet him with glowing, conscientious pride,
 You helped make happy on the other side.
 Can you not really live on a less sum,
 Than thousands piled on thousands? Now, then, come
 And tell me true, how you think this man could
 Have comfort anywhere with two hundred?
 You ope your eyes! Yes, yes, indeed you may;
 But listen and I'll something more portray:
 Here are some men with each as good a soul
 As ever yet broke bread, or drank from bowl,
 And see them toil, and sweat, and think, and sigh,
 Because they're treated mean, and oft shunned by
 The very ones they feed by their hard toil.
 Speak truth: would it not make your own blood boil?
 And when they seek redress, as oft's been done,
 The answer which they get is sword and gun,
 Or, what is worse, starvation force comply,
 Not for themselves, but for their family.
 How could, we ask, such men learn to love good,
 The thing they cannot see; show how they could?
 They learn to hate the men who talk of good.
 And is it any wonder that they should?
 They seek their solace where they best can find,
 Something to soothe their conscience—wounded mind—
 [And from the "Book of Books" I quote you here:
 "A wounded spirit," tell me, "who can bear?"]
 And losing self-respect, and virtue gone,
 They think the things are right that you think wrong,
 And they are right. What you call wrong—in sight
 Of truth—is just as good as you call right;
 For both are wrong. I grieve I must indite
 Prom pole to pole, 'mongst men, there's little right;
 And so degraded, blinded in this way,
 They can't believe when men really essay

To help them, for so oft they've been deceived.
 When told the truth they cannot now believe't.
 Then you'll tell of Heaven, and heavenly things;
 You may as well tell them of serpent's stings;
 'Tis in this world they want their wrongs redressed;
 They'll trust to future good like you and rest.
 Cease, then, misrepresenting God's great cause,
 For it's in harmony with Nature's laws.
 And men oppressed will ne'er by those be led
 Who teach it's right though they came from the dead,
 From Heaven above, or any other place,
 Your teaching makes them curse God to his face.
 But listen once again; I'll soon be done:
 Christ prays: "On earth," Lord, let "Thy kingdom come;"
 And, "as it is in Heaven"—so let it be—
 On earth, both now and through eternity.

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